

Saturday Night Rumble by ObeyDontStray

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Summary:

Jim starts a new family tradition. Will is more than thrilled to join in.

Saturday Night Rumble

Author's Note:

My apologies for any wrasslin inconsistencies. I didn't come along till '89! For all the wrestling nerds out there whose childhoods were filled with elbow drops and spandex.

"Babe. Please, no." Joyce pleaded from under Jim's arm. "Some of my habits you'll just have to learn to love." He gloated behind her on the couch, arm tightening around her middle.

"I don't let the boys watch wrestling. They get so riled up." She argued as Jim tossed the remote aside, satisfied with his choice of channels. "It's just us right now." He defended, kissing her temple. "C'mon. Wrestling's fun."

Before long, the boys had wandered in and were seated at either corner of the couch, watching the show with rapt attention. Jim had sat up and was perched at the edge of his seat.

"Hogan's got him." Jonathan commented. Will cheered when Hogan landed a successful big boot.

"Hogan's got the upper hand right now, but Roddy's going to get him!" Jim replied, edge of his seat and gripping a beer between his knees.

Will mimicked Hogan's punches as Joyce watched her boys with amusement. "Who do you think is going to win, Mom?" Will asked her. When Roddy Piper landed an inverted atomic drop on Hogan, she glanced at Jim's face and watched the expectation in his eyes. He was as hooked as her boys, furthering her amusement. "Go Piper!" She exclaimed and Jim turned to her with a broad smile.

"C'mon Mom! Hulk Hogan's the man!" Will moaned, turning his attention back to the tv.

All three of the boys sat tense during a pin attempt. Hogan kicked out

at two and Will and Jonathan let out an audible sigh of relief. "C'mon! He had him!" Jim said loudly, denting the beer can in his grip.

"Hulkamania is running wild!" Will cheered.

When Hulk hit his signature atomic leg drop, Will jumped from his seat as Hulk made a pin attempt. Jonathan and Will counted together. "One! Two!-" Piper made a move to lift his shoulder.

"C'mon Roddy, c'mon!" Jim called. "Get up!"

"Three!" The boys called in unison. Jim slumped back into the couch cushions. "Yeah!" Will called, high fiveing his brother. He turned to point at Jim. "Whatcha gonna do when Hulkamania runs wild on you, brother!" He posed like Hogan, flexing his biceps.

"Rowdy Roddy Piper's the reason Hulk Hogan lost his hair!" Jim laughed, climbing to his feet and scooping Will up by the waist. Will was laughing as Jim hoisted him up and threw him on the cushions next to his mother, who Jim tagged and she joined in the fun by covering him with her body and hooking his leg. "One!" Jim called. "Two!"

Will managed to pick up his shoulder beneath her and reach out for his brother. "Tag me!" He called and Jonathan shook his head, laughing. Jim stopped and looked to Will, reaching out his hand. "In a strange turn of events Roddy Piper turns on the Fabulous Moolah to team with Hulk Hogan!" Jim announced before shooting Will a mischievous grin and together they turned their attentions to Joyce, whom they pinned down and began to tickle.

"C'mon, Brutus!" Jim called over Joyce's giggles. "She's a tough one!" He said, trying to dodge her flailing limbs. She managed to kick him in the gut and Jim let out a soft 'oof!' Jonathan shook his head, not wanting to join their silly game.

"I give up! I give up!" She called beneath their onslaught. "Pin her, Hulk!" Jim called and Will lay across his Mom. "One! Two! Three!" Jim counted, tapping the arm of the chair with each call. Joyce breathed between bouts of laughter, trying to contain her composure

where she lie under her son, trying to catch her breath. Jim high fived Will. "Nice work, Hogan. The women's champion has been defeated!"

"You two are so dirty! And you coulda helped me, Jonathan!" She teased as Jim offered her a hand and pulled her upright on the couch.

"You fought a good fight, Fabulous Moolah." He teased before he kissed her.

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And this was born a Saturday night tradition. Pizza and wrestling. With an extra match afterwards. As the tradition grew, so did the crowd gathering at their house. All the boys began gathering at the Hopper household every Saturday night. Joyce moved their after show matches outside for fear of her house getting destroyed.

Jim had the worst loosing streak in history, constantly being pinned by an army of preteen boys. Sometimes Joyce joined in the fun as Jim's tag partner, whom he never betrayed again.

Author's Note:

For my Daddy. I wish I coulda wrestled with him. He had several health concerns that kept us from rough housing. Now that he's gone, Mom and I watch wrestling alone. But we still cheer and gloat and carry on just as if he were.